

# THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE;

AND

## Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

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No. 842.

SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1833.

PRICE 8d.

### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Historic Memoirs of Ireland; comprising secret Records of the National Convention, the Rebellion, and the Union; with Delineations of the principal Characters connected with these Transactions.* By Sir Jonah Barrington, &c. &c. Illustrated with curious Letters and Papers in fac-simile, and numerous original Portraits. 2 vols. 4to. London, 1833. For H. Colburn, by R. Bentley.

THIS remarkable work was begun (and nearly finished), publishing in Paris, a considerable number of years ago; but the public mind being then occupied with the prodigious events of a terrible war, it did not, we presume, attract the notice to which it was and is so justly entitled. Now, however, when the state of Ireland occupies so much attention, and is, indeed, of such paramount importance to the empire, it is an excellent thought to complete these Memoirs, and submit them to the country. At present we shall not go into comment, either upon the spirit in which they are written or their authenticity in every particular: it is enough for us to say that they contain matter of much moment; and by unfolding the condition of the wretched country of which they treat at a memorable crisis, exhibiting the political springs by which its fate was wrought out, and the actors in that period which changed its destiny, throw a light over the past not only of great historical value, but possessed of the deepest interest as it regards the present and the future.

Sir Jonah Barrington was a member of the Irish parliament, and so situated, through family, talent, and circumstances, as to be closely intimate with the affairs and the persons described. Add to this, that he is one of the best story-tellers that ever took up a pen; and you have some idea of the amusement and information which every page of these volumes is calculated to afford. At all times they must have been curious; at this hour, when every topic of which they treat is opened afresh under new and serious aspects, they possess an increased and extraordinary attraction. We shall say nothing farther, but make a few extracts to bear out our opinion.

Sir Jonah was, be it observed, a staunch anti-unionist, and though he does not seem to go the length of a repealer, he adopts and enforces many striking arguments for rendering the connexion of the countries as innoxious and beneficial to both as possible, now that they are bound together by such strong ties. Our first quotation is a general character of the Irish peasantry:—

"The Irish peasantry, who necessarily composed the great body of the population, combined in their character many of those singular and repugnant qualities which peculiarly designate the people of different nations; and this remarkable contrariety of characteristic traits pervaded almost the whole current of their natural dispositions. Laborious, yet lazy—domestic, but dissipated—accustomed to wants in the midst of plenty—they submit to hard-

ships without repining, and bear the severest privations with stoic fortitude. The sharpest wit, and the shrewdest subtilty, which abound in the character of the Irish peasant, generally lie concealed under the semblance of dulness, or the appearance of simplicity; and his language, replete with the keenest humour, possesses an idiom of equivocation which never fails successfully to evade a direct answer to an unwelcome question. Inquisitive, artful, and penetrating, the Irish peasant learns mankind without extensive intercourse, and has an instinctive knowledge of the world, without mingling in its societies; and never, in any other instance, did there exist an illiterate and uncultivated people who could display so much address and so much talent in the ordinary transactions of life as the Irish peasantry. Too hasty or too dilatory in the execution of their projects, they are sometimes frustrated by their impatience and impetuosity; at other times they fail through their indolence and procrastination; and, without possessing the extreme vivacity of the French, or the cool phlegm of the English character, they feel all the inconvenience of the one, and experience the disadvantages of the other. In his anger, furious without revenge, and violent without animosity—turbulent and fantastic in his dissipation—ebriety discloses the inmost recesses of the Irish peasant's character. His temper irascible, but good-natured—his mind coarse and vulgar, yet sympathetic, and susceptible of every impression—he yields too suddenly to the paroxysms of momentary impulse, or the seduction of pernicious example; and an implicit confidence in the advice of a false friend, or the influence of an artful superior, not unfrequently leads him to perpetrate the enormities of vice, while he believes he is performing the exploits of virtue."

How lamentably the worst features of this portraiture are developed of later years, the discussion of the measures passing in parliament bear horrid testimony.

"Illiterate and ignorant (continues the author) as the Irish peasantry are, they cannot be expected to understand the complicated theory and fundamental principles of civil government, and therefore are too easily imposed upon by the fallacious reasoning of insinuating agitators; but their natural political disposition is evidently aristocratic. From the traditional history of their ancient kings, their minds early imbibe a warm love of monarchy; while their courteous, civil, and humble demeanour to the higher orders of society, proves their ready deference to rank, and their voluntary submission to superiority; and when the rough and independent, if not insolent, address of the English farmer to his superiors is compared with the native humble courtesy of the Irish peasant, it would be the highest injustice to charge the latter with a natural disposition toward the principles of democracy."

"The miscellaneous qualities of the Irish character are marked and various: peculiarly polite—passionately fond of noise and merriment—superstitious—bigoted—they are always

in extremes; and, as Giraldus Cambrensis described them in the twelfth century, so they still continue. 'If an Irishman be a good man, there is no better; if he be a bad man, there is no worse.'"

The following account of Mr. Francis Dobbs, who took a singular share in Irish politics fifty years ago, when the volunteers first assumed an aspect of danger, shews in a variety in the character of the Irish separatist.

"Francis Dobbs was a gentleman of respectable family, but of moderate fortune. He had been educated for the bar, where he afterwards acquired some reputation as a constitutional lawyer, and much as a zealous advocate; but his intellect was of an extraordinary description. He seemed to possess two distinct minds—the one adapted to the duties of his profession, and the usual offices of society; the other, diverging from its natural centre, led him through wilds and ways rarely frequented by the human understanding, entangled him in a maze of contemplative deduction from revelation to futurity, and frequently decoyed his judgment beyond the frontiers of reason. His singularities, however, seemed so separate from his sober judgment, that each followed its appropriate occupation without interruption from the other, and left the theologian and the prophet sufficiently distinct from the lawyer and the gentleman. \* \* \* He devoted a great proportion of his time to the development of revelation, and attempted to throw strange and novel lights on divine prophecy. This was the string on which his reason seemed often to vibrate; and his positions all tended to one extraordinary conclusion—'That Ireland was decreed by Heaven to remain for ever an independent state, and was destined to the supernatural honour of receiving the Antichrist;' and this he laboured to prove from passages of revelation. Thoroughly impressed with this conviction, and upon these grounds, he founded his arguments in the Irish parliament on the moral impossibility of effecting an incorporation union with Great Britain, most confidently laying it down as an infallible prediction, 'that no legislative authority or human power could ever incorporate Ireland with that country, or with any other nation.'"

But we must pass to a later period. The following is a remarkable letter from Mr. Grattan in 1819:—

"House of Commons, London, March 2d."

"My dear Barrington,—I am excessively sorry that your health has been impaired, and I hope it will soon be restored. I will get you the Whig Club resolution. They proposed to obtain an internal reform of parliament, in which they partly succeeded: they proposed to prevent an union, in which they failed. The address that declared no political question remained between the two countries, had in view to stop the growth of demand, and preserve entire the annexation of the crown. It was, to us, an object to prevent any future political discussion touching the relative state of the two countries, because we might not be so

strong as in that moment; and it was an object to us, and to the English minister, to guard against any discussion that might shake the connexion to which we were equally attached. Fox wished sincerely for the liberty of Ireland without reserve. He was an enemy to an union, and wished the freedom to be annexed to his name. The act of repeal was a part of a treaty with England. A declaratory act of title is the affirmation of the existence of a former title; the repeal is a disaffirmance of any such former title; the more so when accompanied by a transfer of the possession, viz. the transfer of the final judicature and the legislation for the colony trade of the new acquired islands, made in consequence of a protest by Ireland against the claim of England. The repeal was not any confession of usurpation: it was a disclaimer of any right. You must suppose what I have said, *unsaid*. A man of spirit may say *that*; but he will hesitate to *unsay word by word*. That was the case of England. She would not in so many words *confess* her usurpation, nor did she; on the contrary, when they pressed her, she exercised the power, and said, 'The constitution of Ireland is established and ascertained in future by the authority of the British parliament.' It was proposed in the House of Commons to change the words, and say, 'recognised for ever.' They agreed to the words 'for ever,' and refused the word 'recognised,' and kept in the word 'established.' This I call making Ireland free with the vengeance. I wish, in your History, you would put down the argument on both sides. I can get you Flood's, published by his authority. I am excessively thankful for the many handsome things you have said of me. Yours most truly,

"HENRY GRATTAN.

"*Chaveller Barrington, Boulogne, près Paris.*"

We now select a few miscellanies to variegated this notice:—

*Anecdote of Curran.*—"The most severe retort Mr. Curran ever experienced was from Sir Boyle Roche, the celebrated member of the Irish parliament (who, a gentleman, and a good-hearted person, could scarcely speak a sentence without making a blunder). In a debate where Mr. Curran had made a very strong speech against sinecure offices, he was very tartly replied to by Sir Hercules Langrish. Curran, nettled at some observation, started up, and warmly exclaimed, 'I would have the baronet to know, that I am the guardian of my own honour.' Sir Boyle instantly rejoined, 'Then the gentleman has got a very pretty sinecure employment of it, and so has been speaking all night on the wrong side of the question.'

*Irish Duelling.*—"Mr. Curran and Lord Clare, whilst the latter was attorney-general, had on one occasion a controversy which could only be terminated by a personal battle. The combatants fired two cases of very long pistols at each other, but certainly with very bad success and very little *télat*; for they were neither killed, wounded, satisfied, nor reconciled; nor did either of them express the slightest disposition to continue the engagement. In those times, the 'usual mode of deciding points of honour' never was dispensed with; but in more modern and refined days, not only gentlemen civilians, but even military officers of his majesty's forces, frequently and placidly refer their 'points of honour' to be decided by the lord chief justice of the King's Bench, who generally punishes one of the disputants in person, and both of them in pocket;—undoubtedly the safest, though certainly the most

expensive mode of settling personal differences. Mr. Curran was not at all pugnacious or quarrelsome, or what was then termed in Ireland a gentleman 'fire-eater,' yet he had the singular fortune of fighting frequently, and in every case without any disastrous result, or any inevitable necessity. He fought his most bitter enemy, Lord Clare, and he fought his most intimate friend, Mr. Egan. His duel with Major Hobart (Lord Buckinghamshire) was a singular one. A Mr. Gifford (nick-named in Dublin the 'dog in office') grossly offended Mr. Curran, who declared 'he would rather do without fighting all his life' than fight such a fellow as Gifford; but as Gifford was a revenue officer, he expected Major Hobart would dismiss him for his impertinence, or fight in his place. To either alternative the secretary demurred; Curran insisted, and at length the major referred the case to his friend, Lord Carhampton, then commander-in-chief in Ireland. Carhampton, a man of singular wit and acuteness, quickly decided the points on clear principles. 'A secretary of state fighting for an exciseman,' said he, 'would be rather a bad precedent for his majesty's diplomatists; but a major in the king's service is pugnacious by profession, and must fight any body that asks him; the result was a meeting. Curran did his best to hit the major, the major curled his upper lip, and asked Curran with a sneer, 'If he wanted any more of it?' Curran shook his head as a negative, and both left the ground, neither better nor worse friends than when they entered it. The portrait of Curran, here annexed, is a perfect fore-line of him. Being asked if he had not sat for that portrait, 'No,' said he, 'no, it was the portrait that sat for me.'

The last paragraph leads us to observe, that the work is embellished with a multitude of clever and characteristic portraits; which we must leave with the letter-press, heartily recommended to our readers.

*The Wondrous Tale of Alroy. The Rise of Iskander.* By the Author of "Vivian Grey," "Contarini Fleming," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1833. Saunders and Otley.

THIS production, with many beauties not unworthy of the talents and literary reputation of the younger D'Israeli, seems to be an experiment on the English language and composition, and, in our opinion, not likely to be a successful one, or to lead to future imitation. It is, indeed, neither prose nor verse, neither rhyme nor rhythm, neither Ossian nor the translation of serious opera, neither connected narrative nor the oracles of somnambulism,—but apparently a mixture, partaking of all these styles and manners, and telling a tale of no human interest. From first to last, the reader cares nothing for the hero, or for any of his contemporaries; the wonders are too visionary to create either surprise or concern; and as the actors "come like shadows, so depart," we finally close the volume with a feeling of dissatisfaction, strong in proportion to the weakness of the impressions made upon us by a waste of powers, surely capable of better things.

Alroy is the last Prince of the Captivity, an enthusiast who obtains the magical sceptre of Solomon, raises the sacred standard of Israel, and conquers the East, at some early period of history. He marries the daughter of the Caliph of Bagdad, offends the theocracy and the Jews who adhere to the ancient laws, is conspired against, betrayed, and brought to judg-

ment by his Turkish conquerors. His sister Miriam, Jabaster a cabalist, Honian an oriental Epicurean philosopher, Adiban a fanatic, Esther a prophetess, and Schirrene his lovely fate, are the other principal characters. The *Talmud* has furnished the raw material, and the author's travels have enabled him to build up the superstructure with sketches of scenery, deserts, ruined cities, costume, individuals of various countries, customs, and modes of expression. From the mass we shall endeavour to disengage such parts as will afford a fair idea of the execution of the whole; and bear witness to the truth of the few remarks we have ventured to offer on a performance which is, if that be a merit, at least new in its fashion, and, like most new things, looks fantastical and odd. But first, let Mr. D'Israeli speak for himself:—

"I never hesitate, although I discard verse, to have recourse to rhythm whenever I consider its introduction desirable, and occasionally even to rhyme. There is no doubt that the style in which I have attempted to write this work is a delicate and difficult instrument for an artist to handle. He must not abuse his freedom. He must alike beware the turgid and the bombastic, the meagre and the mean. He must be easy in his robes of state, and a degree of elegance and dignity must accompany him even in the camp and the market-house. The language must rise gradually with the rising passions of the speakers, and subside in harmonious unison with their sinking emotions. With regard to the conduct of this tale, it will speedily be observed to be essentially dramatic. Had, indeed, the drama in this country not been a career encompassed with difficulties, I should have made Alroy the hero of a tragedy. But as, at the present day, this is a mode of composition which for any practical effect is almost impossible, I have made him the hero of a dramatic romance. The author, therefore, seldom interferes in the conduct of the story. He has not considered it his duty to step in between the reader and the beings of his imagination, to develop and dwell upon their feelings, or to account for their characters and actions. He leaves them in general to explain every thing for themselves, substituting, on his part, description for scenery, and occasional bursts of lyric melody for that illustrative music, without which all dramatic representations are imperfect, and which renders the serious opera of the Italians the most effective performance of modern times, and most nearly approaching the exquisite drama of the ancient Greeks."

Alroy's first ambitious aspirations are well illustrated in a conversation with his uncle, who has just paid the Moslem tribute:—

"Live we like slaves? (argues the elder Hebrew.) Is this hall a servile chamber! These costly carpets, and these rich divans, in what proud harem shall we find their match? I feel not like a slave. My coffers are full of dirhems. Is that slavish? The wealthiest company of the caravan is ever Bostenay's. Is that to be a slave? Walk the bazaar of Bagdad, and you will find my name more potent than the caliph's. Is that a badge of slavery? 'Uncle, you toil for others.' 'So do we all; so does the bee; yet he is free and happy.' 'At least he has a sting.' 'Which he can use but once; and when he stings —' 'He dies, and like a hero. Such a death is sweeter than his honey.'"

The moody youth breaks away into solitude; and the style of Ossian, though mixed with other imitative notes, as we have mentioned,

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will be recognised in his soliloquy, and the ensuing dialogue with his sister.

"My fathers, my heroic fathers! if this feeble arm cannot redeem thy heritage; if the foul boar must still wallow in thy sweet vineyard, Israel, at least I'll not disgrace ye. No! let me perish. The house of David is no more! no more our sacred seed shall lurk and linger, like a blighted thing, in this degenerate earth. If we cannot flourish, why then we'll die! 'Oh! say not so, my brother!' A voice broke on the air, so soft, so sweet, so wildly musical; it sounded like a holy bell upon a summer day—a holy bell that calls to prayer, and stills each fierce emotion. And softly kneeling at his side, behold a female form! Her face is hid, her lips are pressed against the hand she gently steals. And now she raises up her head, and waits with tender patience for a glance from one who seldom smiles. 'Oh! say not so, my brother!' He turns; he gazes on a face beauteous as a starry night—a starry night in those far climes where not a cloud is marked in heaven; when all below on earth's so sweet, and all above in air so still, that every passion melts away, and life seems but a fragrant dream. I too have wandered in those lands, and roamed mid Jordan's vocal bowers. Ah! could the nightingale that sang to Syria's rose now sing to me, I'd give the fame of coming years to listen to that lay! He turns—he gazes—and he bends; his heart is full, his voice is low. 'Ah, Miriam! thou queller of dark spirits! is it thou? Why art thou here?' 'Why am I here? Are you not here? and need I urge a stronger plea? Oh! brother dear, I pray you come and mingle in our festival. Our walls are hung with flowers you love; I culled them by the fountain's side; the holy lamps are trimmed and set, and you must raise their earliest flame. Without the gate my maidens wait, to offer you a robe of state. Then, brother dear, I pray you come and mingle in our festival.'"

The concluding paragraphs almost jingle:—

Why am I here?  
Art thou not here?  
Oh! brother dear!  
Without the gate  
My maidens wait,  
To offer you a robe of state, &c.

Throughout the book the same style constantly occurs: thus, page 54, Alroy and his courier galloping over the desert:—

"Food or water they have none. No genial fount, no grateful tree, rise with their pleasant company. Never a beast or bird is there, in that hoary desert bare. Nothing breaks the almighty stillness. Even the jackall's felon cry might seem a soothing melody. A grey wild rat, with snowy whiskers, out of a withered bramble stealing, with a youthful snake in its ivory teeth, in the moonlight grins with glee. This is their sole society."

Suppose the extract printed in regular lines:

No genial fount, no grateful tree,  
Rise with their pleasant company.  
Never a beast or bird is there,  
In that hoary desert bare.  
Even the jackall's felon cry  
Might seem a soothing melody.

Then comes, perhaps the natural, but certainly the ludicrous, description of the rat with snowy whiskers, munching a *youthful* snake; which

In the moonlight grins with glee.  
This is their sole society.

Again, page 66, a bird flies away:—

"A moment since, and it was there, glancing in the sunny air; and now the sky is without a guest. Alas, alas! no more is heard the

carol of that lonely bird, singing in the wilderness."

A moment since, and it was there,  
Glancing in the sunny air.  
Alas, alas! no more is heard  
The carol of that lonely bird.

But why multiply these examples?—only it doth us strike, that we do not like to be taken in with chimes, with short metres and rhymes, in the shape of honest prose, which all the world knows.

Our next specimens of style are to mark what we have likened to the indifferent translation of Italian opera, rather than to striking original composition in our native tongue.

"I do observe the influence of women very potent over me. 'Tis not of such stuff that they make heroes. I know not love, save that pure affection that does subsist between me and this girl,—an orphan, and my sister. We are so alike, that when last Passover, in mimicry, she twined my turban round her graceful head, our uncle called her David. The daughters of my tribe, they please me not, though they are passing fair. Were our sons as brave as they are beautiful, we still might dance on Sion. Yet have I often thought, that could I pillow this moody brow upon some snowy bosom that were my own, and dwell in the wilderness, far from the sight and ken of man, and all the care, and toil, and wretchedness, that groan, and sweat, and sigh about me, I might haply lose this deep sensation of o'erwhelming woe that broods upon my being. No matter: life is but a dream, and mine must be a dull one."

Again:—

"Pallid and mad, he swift upsprang, and he tore up a tree by its lusty roots, and, down the declivity, dashing with rapid leaps, panting and wild, he struck the ravisher on the temple with the mighty pine. Alschiroch fell lifeless on the sod, and Miriam fainting into her brother's arms. And there he stood, fixed and immovable, gazing upon his sister's deathly face, and himself exhausted by passion and his exploit, supporting her cherished, but senseless body."

And again:—

"'Woe! woe! our house is fallen! The wildness of his gestures frightens me. David, David! I pray thee cease. He hears me not—my voice, perchance, is thin. I'm very faint. Maidens, kneel to your prince, and soothe the madness of his passion.'"

The "thin" voice is genuine operatic, and the sentiments in the three quotations partake largely of the same character, which is far alike from the truly touching or nobly passionate.

Part II.—(for another of the novelties of this tale is, that it is not divided into the ancient form of chapters, but into parts, sections of parts, and continuations of parts—a very useless innovation!)—Part II. commences in a similar strain, as follows:

"Speed, fleetly speed, thou courser bold, and track the desert's trackless way. Beneath thee is the boundless earth, above thee is the boundless heaven,—an iron soil and brazen sky. Speed, swiftly speed, thou courser bold, and track the desert's trackless way!"

Not quite a bull, maybe, but an extravagance; and, while tracking the trackless way, one might wish to view the viewless wind, or perform some other equally impossible exploit. This vein of exaggeration accompanies almost all the descriptive portions of this flight through the desert. For instance,—(but we quote more of the passage, as a general specimen, than our illustration needs.)—

"Just as the sun set, they reached the well. Alroy jumped off the horse, and would have

led it to the fountain, but the animal would not advance. It stood dreadfully shivering, with a glassy eye, and then it bowed its head, and with a groan fell down and died. Night brings rest—night brings solace; rest to the weary, solace to the sad; and to the desperate, night brings despair. The moon has sunk to early rest; but a thousand stars are in the sky. The mighty mountains rise severe in the clear and silent air. In the forest all is still. The tired wind no longer roams, but has lightly dropped on its leafy couch, and sleeps like man. Silent all but the fountain's drip. And by the fountain's side a youth is lying. Suddenly a creature steals through the black and broken rocks. Ha! ha! the jackal smells from afar the rich corruption of the courser's clay. Suddenly and silently it steals, and stops, and smells. Brave banqueting, I ween, to-night for all that goodly company! Jackal, and fox, and marten cat, haste ye now, ere morning's break shall call the vulture to his feast, and rob ye of your prey. The jackal lapped the courser's blood, and moaned with exquisite delight. And in a moment, a faint bark was heard in the distance. And the jackal peeled the flesh from one of the ribs, and again burst into a shriek of mournful ecstasy. Hark, their quick tramp! First six, and then three, galloping with ungodly glee. And a marten cat came rushing down from the woods; but the jackals, fierce in their number, drove her away; and there she stood without the circle, panting, beautiful, and baffled, with her white teeth and glossy skin, and sparkling eyes of rabid rage. Suddenly, as one of the half-gorged jackals retired from the main corpse, dragging along a stray member by some still palpitating nerves, the marten cat made a spring at her enemy, carried off his prey, and rushed into the woods. Her wild scream of triumph woke a lion from his lair. His mighty form, black as ebony, moved on a distant eminence—his tail flowed like a serpent. He roared, and the jackals trembled, and immediately ceased from their banquet, turning their heads in the direction of their sovereign's voice. He advanced—he stalked towards them. They retired; he bent his head, examined the carcass with condescending curiosity, and instantly quitted it with royal disdain. The jackals again collected around their garbage. The lion advanced to the fountain to drink. He beheld a man. His mane rose—his tail was wildly agitated—he bent over the sleeping prince—he uttered an awful roar, which woke Alroy. He awoke; his gaze met the flaming eyes of the enormous beast fixed upon him with a blended feeling of desire and surprise. He awoke, and from a swoon: but the dreamless trance had refreshed the exhausted energies of the desolate wanderer; in an instant he collected his senses, remembered all that had past, and comprehended his present situation. He returned the lion a glance as imperious, and fierce, and scrutinising as his own. For a moment their flashing orbs vied in regality; but at length the spirit of the mere animal yielded to the genius of the man. The lion cowed, slunk away, stalked with haughty timidity through the rocks, and then sprang into the forest."

In the foregoing we have the faults and the better qualities of the work pretty fairly balanced,—good ideas, bad epithets, true pictures, want of taste, and poetical images and something of philosophical reflection, marred by juxtaposition with monstrosities and turgid laboriousness, aiming at effect. The horse "dreadfully shivering;" the jackals, counted



so accurately, peeling the bones, like Byron's dogs those of man at Corinth, and barking faintly, moaning with exquisite delight, and shrieking with mournful ecstasy; the cat wild screaming, and the lion roaring till it was cowed,—do not enhance the horrors of the scene. The description is too much wrought up; and instead of inspiring terror, is either disgusting or ridiculous.

There is another point in this writing, to which we must express considerable objection. We allude to the very frequent invocation of the Deity, which, though very fit for the Old Testament, and not misplaced in Jewish history, revolts the mind by repetition in a fiction like this. Alroy, on reaching the cave of Jabaster, exclaims,—

"God of Israel, lo, I kneel before thee! Here, in the solitude of wildest nature, my only witness here this holy man, I kneel and vow. Lord! I will do thy bidding. I am young, I am very young, O God, and weak; but thou, Lord, art all-powerful. What God is like to thee! Doubt not my courage, Lord, and fill me with thy spirit; but remember, remember her, O Lord, remember Miriam. It is the only worldly thought I have, and it is pure."

We have many pages of similar ejaculation; of which we say no more, (except that the ill effect is heightened by often alternating with sportive passages, which do not well accord with even the more serious parts); but pass to a curious notice of an Arab custom, where the hero is taken under the protection of a robber.

"Scherirah unsheathed his dagger, punctured his arm, and, throwing away the weapon, offered the bleeding member to Alroy. The prince of the captivity touched the open vein with his lips. 'My troth is pledged,' said the bandit; 'I can never betray him in whose veins my own blood is flowing.' So saying, he led Alroy to his carpet."

Having brought forward this favourable trait, we shall proceed to two or three other samples to match. Alroy drops down exhausted, to perish in the desert.

"The sun became blood-red, the sky darker, the sand rose in fierce eddies, the moaning wind burst into shrieks, and respired a more ardent and still more malignant breath. The pilgrim could no longer sustain himself. Faith, courage, devotion, deserted him with his failing energies. He strove no longer with his destiny, he delivered himself up to despair and death. He fell upon one knee with drooping head, supporting himself by one quivering hand, and then, full of the anguish of baffled purposes and lost affections, raising his face and arm to heaven, thus to the elements he poured his passionate farewell:—'O life, once vainly deemed a gloomy toil, I feel thy sweetness now; farewell, O life, farewell my high resolves and proud conviction of almighty fame. My days, my short unprofitable days, melt into the past; and death, with which I struggle, horrible death! arrests me in this wilderness. O my sister, could thy voice, thy sweet, sweet voice, but murmur in my ear one single sigh of love; could thine eye with its soft radiance but an instant blend with my dim fading vision, the pang were nothing. Farewell, Miriam! my heart is with thee by thy fountain's side. Fatal blast, bear her my dying words, my blessing. And ye, too, friends, whose too neglected love I think of now, farewell! Farewell, my uncle; farewell, pleasant home! and Hamadan's serene and shadowy bowers! Farewell, Jabaster, and the mighty lore of which thou wert the priest and I the pupil! Thy talisman throbs on my faithful heart,

Green earth and golden sun, and all the beautiful and glorious sights ye fondly lavish on unthinking man, farewell, farewell! I die in the desert,—'tis bitter. No more, oh! never more, for me the hopeful day shall break, and its fresh breeze rise on its cheering wings of health and joy. Heaven and earth, water and air, my chosen country, and my antique creed, farewell, farewell! And thou, too, city of my soul, I cannot name thee, unseen Jerusalem."

With the trifling exception of the allusion to Byron's verse, and the disagreeable word "antique," (which the author is fond of using for its superior synonyme, ancient,) there is much of force and tenderness in this farewell to fading life; and a hundred pages on, we fall in with an equally pleasing quotation, though of a more playful cast—it relates to a meeting in the temple of Jerusalem.

"It is written," said the Rabbi, "thou shalt have none other God but me." Now, know ye what our father Abraham said when Nimrod ordered him to worship fire? 'Why not water,' answered Abraham, 'which can put out fire? why not the clouds, which can pour forth water? why not the winds, which can produce clouds? why not God, which can create winds?' A murmur of approbation sounded throughout the congregation. 'Eli-ezer,' said Zimri, addressing himself to a young Rabbi, 'it is written that he took a rib from Adam when he was asleep. Is God then a robber?' The young Rabbi looked puzzled, and cast his eyes on the ground. The congregation was very perplexed, and a little alarmed. 'Is there no answer?' said Zimri. 'Rabbi,' said a stranger, a tall, swarthy African pilgrim, standing in a corner, and enveloped in a red mantle, over which a lamp threw a flickering light; 'Rabbi, some robbers broke into my house last night, and stole an earthen pipkin, but they left a golden vase in its stead.' 'It is well said, it is well said,' exclaimed the congregation. The applause was loud. 'Learned Zimri,' continued the African, 'it is written in the Gemara, that there was a youth in Jerusalem who fell in love with a beautiful damsel, and she scorned him. And the youth was so stricken with his passion that he could not speak; but when he beheld her, he looked at her imploringly, and she laughed. And one day the youth, not knowing what to do with himself, went out into the desert; and towards night he returned home, but the gates of the city were shut. And he went down into the valley of Jehosaphat, and entered the tomb of Absalom, and slept; and he dreamed a dream: and next morning he came into the city smiling. And the maiden met him, and she said, 'Is that thou; art thou a laughter?' And he answered, 'Behold, yesterday, being disconsolate, I went out of the city into the desert, and I returned home, and the gates of the city were shut, and I went down into the valley of Jehosaphat, and I entered the tomb of Absalom; and I slept, and I dreamed a dream, and ever since then I have laughed.' And the damsel said, 'Tell me thy dream.' And he answered and said, 'I may not tell my dream only to my wife, for it regards her honour.' And the maiden grew sad and curious, and said, 'I am thy wife, tell me thy dream.' And straight-forth they went and were married, and ever after they both laughed.' Now, learned Zimri, what means this tale, an idle jest for a master of the law, yet it is written by the greatest doctor of the captivity?"

"It passeth my comprehension," said the chief Rabbi. Rabbi Eli-ezer was silent; the congregation groaned."

We must add another bit: it is an effort in the supernatural,—the colloquy of two spirits overheard by Alroy in the tombs at Jerusalem.

"After some hours he woke. He fancied that he had been awakened by the sound of voices. The chamber was not quite dark. A straggling moonbeam fought its way through an open fret-work pattern in the top of the tomb, and just revealed the dim interior. Suddenly a voice spoke—a strange and singular voice. 'Brother, brother, the sounds of the night begin.' Another voice answered, 'Brother, brother, I hear them, too.' 'The woman in labour!' 'The thief at his craft!' 'The sentinel's challenge!' 'The murderer's step!' 'Oh! the merry sounds of the night!' 'Brother, brother, let us come forth and wander about the world.' 'We have seen all things. I'll lie here and listen to the baying hound. 'Tis music for a tomb.' 'Choice and rare! You are idle. I like to sport in the starry air. Our hours are few, they should be fair.' 'What shall we see, heaven or earth?' 'Hell for me, 'tis more amusing.' 'As for me, I am sick of Hades.' 'Let us visit Solomon!' 'In his unknown metropolis?' 'That will be rare.' 'But where, oh! where?' 'Even a spirit cannot tell. But they say, but they say—I dare not whisper what they say.' 'Who told you?' 'No one. I overheard an Afrite whispering to a female Ghoul he wanted to seduce.' 'Hah, hah! hah, hah! choice pair, choice pair! We are more ethereal.' 'She was a beauty in her way. Her eyes were luminous, though somewhat dank, and her cheek tinged with carnation caught from infant blood.' 'Oh! gay, oh! gay; what said they?' 'He was a deserter without leave from Solomon's body-guard. The trull wriggled the secret out.' 'Tell me, kind brother.' 'I'll show, not tell.' 'I pry'thee tell me.' 'Well, then, well. In Genthema's gloomy cave there is a river none has reached, and you must sail, and you must sail—Brother!' 'Ay.' 'Methinks I smell something too earthly.' 'What's that?' 'The breath of man.' 'Scent more fatal than the morning air! Away, away!'"

This appears to our humble apprehension to be wild nonsense; but we have done. The "Caliph Vathek," the "Epicurean," "Beckford," "Moore," and still more perhaps Chateaubriand, have not, it is evident, been unread by the author; from whom, not to part in displeasure, we conclude with taking a glass of forbidden wine, and chanting a stave, as sung by a robber in Volume II.

"Drink, drink, deeply drink,  
Never feel, and never think.  
What's love? what's fame? a sigh, a smile,  
Friendship but a hollow wile.  
If you've any thought or woe,  
Drown them in the goblet's flow.  
Yes! dash them in this brimming cup,  
Dash them in, and drink them up.  
Drink, drink, deeply drink,  
Never feel, and never think."

The last half of the third volume is filled with a separate and contrast tale, called the "Rise of Iskander;" but we have no room to speak of it to-day. On the whole, its precursor has disappointed us:—in it we cannot but think that the author has mistaken his course, and fantastically wasted his genius.

An Historical and Descriptive Account of the Coast of Sussex, &c. &c. By J. D. Parry, M.A. 8vo. pp. 435. Brighton, 1833, for the Author, by Wright and Son; London, Longman and Co.

This volume is dedicated, by permission, to their Majesties, and gives a rather rambling account of the Sussex coast, including the



watering places, and some of the most remarkable in the interior, such as Arundel, Goodwood, and Tunbridge Wells. The author seems to have been disappointed in some quarters where he sought information; but he has picked up a good deal of curious matter from others. We will select two or three morsels, by way of specimens. Talking of Roman antiquities, Mr. Parry says:—"Did the reader ever hear the tale of 'Caesar's Stile'—that of Agricola's long ladle he may probably have read in the 'Antiquary.' Dr. Stukely, or some other antiquarian, was travelling through England, when he heard that on a certain hill there was a stile called 'Caesar's Stile.' 'Ay,' said the doctor, 'such a road, mentioned in Antoninus, passed near here; and the traditional name of this stile confirms the probability of a Roman camp on this spot.' Whilst he was surveying the prospect, a peasant came up, whom the doctor addressed:—"They call this Caesar's Stile, my friend, do they not?" "Ees, zur," said the man, "they calls it so a'ter poor old Bob Caesar, the carpenter (rest his soul!); I helped him to make it, when I was a boy."

The following is a singular notice of the early history of Brighton:—"1690. It was ordered by justices at Lewes, that, in consequence of the increase of poor-rates, by inroads of the sea, &c. &c., the following parishes in the neighbourhood, 'which had no poor of their own,' should contribute to the relief of Brighton yearly:—

Pacham .....	£17 16 7
Haughton .....	4 16 4
East Aldington .....	6 1 1½
Blackington .....	4 2 6
Ovingdean .....	6 0 10½
	38 17 5"

What parishes exist now without poor-rates of their own? Pauperism has surely kept pace with improvement, and distress with the march of intellect. The next trait is thirty-four years later.

"The author of a Tour through Great Britain, 1724, gives us a very melancholy picture of the reverses under which Brighton was then languishing. 'From this town (Lewes), following still the range of the South Downs west, we ride in view of the sea, on a fine carpet ground, for about twelve miles, to Bright Helmston, commonly called Bredhemston, a poor fishing town, old built, and on the very edge of the sea. Here, again, as I mentioned at Folkestone and Dover, the fishermen having large barks, go away to Yarmouth, on the coast of Norfolk, to the fishing fair there, and hire themselves for the season to catch herrings for the merchants; and they tell us, that these make a very good business of it. The sea is very unkind to this town, and has, by its continued encroachments, so gained upon them, that in a little time more they might reasonably expect it would eat up the whole town, above one hundred houses having been devoured by the water in a few years past: they are now obliged to get a brief granted them to beg money all over England, to raise banks against the water; the expense of which, the brief expressly says, will be eight thousand pounds; which, if one were to look on the town, would seem to be more than all the houses in it are worth.' A letter from the Rev. W. Clarke, rector of Buxted (who was grandfather to the celebrated and eloquent traveller), to Mr. Bowyer, dated July 22, 1736, is without these dark tidings, and seems to imply that the place had emerged from a state of extreme poverty, and was approaching one of tranquil mediocrity."

Mr. Parry's style is illustrated by the subjoined extract.

"The late Duke of Marlborough, with his family, was, during many years, a regular, and also a munificent, visitor of Brighton, attended by his chaplain, Mr. Hoyle, a gentleman whose elegant and sterling poetical attainments are still at the service of the public. As regards the particular mode of charity specified, might it not be worthy the attention of many of the nobility who now visit Brighton? and in London it is still more needed. Without any mean restriction or surveillance of domestics, great things might be done in the aggregate by this judicious and benevolent foresight; and if any poor family can be supplied with a good meal from even the superfluity of the more abounding, the practice must excite pleasurable feelings, or the neglect self-condemnation. Perhaps, if inconvenient to individuals, there are associations in the town who would manage such a distribution, and a general depository might be established for the reception of the articles to be sent. Do not smile, reader; or, if you do, we have seen too many cases of misery to regard it. We have merely done what is very easy, thrown out the hint; if worthy of notice, it may be considered and improved by others."

And with this we conclude our brief notice. There are some neat engravings; and, on the whole, the miscellany of intelligence is frequently entertaining,—and not the less so for the oddness of the manner.

*Aims and Ends, and Oonagh Lynch.* By the Author of "Carwell." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1833. Bull.

WE must commence by quoting a passage from the preface:—

"The author of *Carwell*, when that tale was first published, was blamed by some for having claimed attention to distresses too mean for sympathy, and characters too degraded for compassion. Her hope in writing that story, was to interest by describing feelings true to nature. But this reproach, combined with the assurance of friends and publishers, that it required more aristocratic affliction to interest the novel-reading public, has induced her to attempt a story in the style at present considered the most popular."

For "is popular," read "has been," and public taste will be much more justly appreciated. The annals of the Court Guide are exhausted; and, with one or two exceptions, we may safely say to their volumes, *requiescant in pace*; for their oblivion is as little likely to be disturbed as the now unbroken slumbers of "Three Weeks at Brighton," or "A Winter at Bath." We must also add, that even were these days of fashionable life in their former "palmy state," our author has evinced no talent in the line; the wit is flippant, the dialogues common-place, and the characters very "familiar faces" indeed—a merit any where but in print. *Aims and Ends* we will therefore dismiss as a complete failure; though, before we leave the subject, we cannot but marvel what manner of criticism would that be which pronounced that distress must be aristocratic to be touching—an assertion in the face of some of the most affecting fictions in our language, to say nothing of *Carwell*. We prefer the second tale, *Oonagh Lynch*: time and place have the great recommendation of novelty, and the idea is good, though scarcely sufficiently developed; the change in Sir Maurice should have been more strongly

marked; there appears to the reader insufficient ground for the heroine's belief: the last scenes, too, are wire-drawn. Still, a wild interest is attached to the story, which lies principally in Ireland. We quote an episode:—

"Sir Patrick presented some jewels of value to his bride; and when she had admired them and thanked him, he drew forth a small flat ebony case, and said, 'I have yet another gift to make you, of more value, which I would not confound with the trifles you have received: it has been the most esteemed of our possessions for some generations back. It has been given always by the head of our house to his bride, and preserved with the utmost care. There is,' added he, smiling, 'some superstitious tale, which I forget, attached to it. I give it you, and shall be really grieved if you lose it.' The case contained a most curious and magnificent rosary of gold and enamel, with precious stones and large pearls interspersed; the workmanship as beautiful as the materials were precious. Anastasia readily promised to preserve it all her life, and caused a cabinet to be constructed, three sides of which were glass, on the fourth the rosary and all the jewels of value she possessed were suspended, and visible though locked up. This cabinet accompanied her in all her journeys. Sir Patrick, previous to the Revolution, had sometimes been intrusted with secret missions to the court of France, where he was always well received, and Lady Lynch, who was very beautiful, much admired. On the last of these occasions they remained some months at Paris; and among the persons who frequented their house was a young Italian abbé, who was remarkably clever and agreeable, and made himself extremely useful. He knew where every thing was to be found, and its price; where every body lived, and who they were. He particularly shone when a fête was to be given; he planned the preparations, and saw to their execution,—in short, he began by pleasing, and ended by being necessary. One day Lady Lynch accosted him with an air of anxiety, very unusual to her fair face. 'Ah, Mr. l'Abbé,' said she, 'I must confide a circumstance to you which distresses me more than I can describe. My beautiful rosary has been stolen from my cabinet,—see, the glass in that side has been broken, and it is gone! I have looked every where, and so has my maid; I cannot learn how it has gone;—and how can I look Sir Patrick in the face? he will be so angry!—He returns from Versailles the day after to-morrow. What shall I do? I do not like to proclaim my loss and apply to the police, in the hope I may find it without Sir Patrick knowing that it ever was missing. What shall I do?' The abbé expressed his satisfaction at her having had recourse to him, and undertook the affair with great readiness, though he had only two days to dedicate to the search; on the third he was to proceed to Italy on affairs of the greatest moment. He assured Lady Lynch that, if her jewels were still in Paris, he thought he should succeed. Meantime Lady Lynch frequently expressed to her maid the anxiety she felt that the rosary might be recovered. The maid, after many of those broken hints with which persons who are eager yet fear to make a disclosure precede it, at length confessed she knew a man who had on similar occasions served persons in such circumstances, and proposed Lady Lynch should consult him. Anastasia, who was naturally nervous, timid, and imaginative, though fearful, was curious, and resolved to consult the conjuror, if it could be

done privately, for she feared the ridicule of her husband and friends. Her maid made the necessary arrangements; and late in the evening Anastasia, dressed in the clothes of her attendant, who accompanied her, proceeded in a hackney coach, through a number of dirty and distant streets, to an obscure house, in a quarter with the appearance of which she was entirely unacquainted. At length they descended from the carriage, which was desired to wait; and the maid guided Lady Lynch through a long narrow alley, terminated by a door, where, after ringing, they waited some time for admission. An aged negro asked whom they wanted; and on the maid replying that they came to speak to Mr. Bontemps, the negro rang another bell, and leaving them for a few moments, returned with a small brass lamp, and preceded them up a gloomy stone staircase, where the dust of ages seemed to have accumulated. Anastasia, as she followed, almost repented her curiosity. They arrived at another door, at which the negro knocked, and they were immediately admitted by a tall man, who asked their commands. There was nothing very remarkable in the appearance of Mr. Bontemps: he was tall and sallow, with a keen bold eye, about fifty years of age, expressing himself in a slow distinct manner, civil and calm. The maid assumed the office of explanation, and told him her friend had lost a rosary of value, and wished him to tell her where to seek it. Mr. Bontemps replied, he should have pleasure in doing so, but there was a preliminary condition to be observed. Anastasia drew forth her purse, and presented him with five louis-d'ors. 'Though I accept your ladyship's gift, I shall expect a similar sum if I have the good fortune to serve you upon this occasion,' replied Mr. Bontemps. 'This is not all I exact; you must swear never to reveal to any human being your visit to me, and its result.' Lady Lynch, though rather alarmed and surprised at being called by her title, readily promised never to reveal her visit, and what she should then see, to any human being. 'Though I make no doubt of your sincerity and resolution, madam,' said the conjuror, 'your fidelity to the engagement is of so much importance to me, that I am obliged to make it your interest to preserve your promise inviolate. Should you betray me, eight days and eight nights from the time you do so, you will pay with your life for the indiscretion.' Anastasia willingly, though not without perturbation, agreed to the justice of a punishment which she resolved not to incur. Mr. Bontemps then drew from a small shagreen case a lancet, with which he slightly touched Lady Lynch's hand, and extracted a drop of blood, into which he dipped a pen, and requested she would write the first letter of her baptismal name on a slip of parchment he presented. She did so. He then desired the maid to wait for them, and led Anastasia through a long gloomy passage, hung with spiders' webs of extraordinary dimensions, and only lighted by the lamp he bore, to a very large room. On one side hung a large dark curtain of brown stuff. There was no furniture except a wooden stool, on which he requested the trembling inquirer to seat herself, opposite but at some distance from the curtain. She obeyed; and he then threw some powder and gums on a small brasier of charcoal that was near, but which she had not till then observed. A blue light spread around the apartment, the brasier burnt with a hissing noise, and Mr. Bontemps flourished a long ebony wand round his head, uttering many words in some unknown language. He then drew aside the curtain; and

the smoke from the brasier beginning to subside, Lady Lynch beheld, in the mirror, an apartment represented, which contained an Indian cabinet with folding-doors: that on the right hand was open, and she beheld her rosary within it; and her friend the abbé writing at a table, on which were many parcels! She contemplated the scene for several minutes, when the sorcerer again threw some gums on the brasier, and, when the smoke was dissipated, the curtain had fallen. Some moments of silence ensued, when Mr. Bontemps said, 'You have seen, I doubt not, madam, the jewel you seek. I know not the person who sat by, but depend upon my assurance that it is in his possession. You have also seen the place where he has deposited his prize. You must do the rest; and above all, remember your promise: if you fail in your part of the engagement, be certain I shall not forget mine.' As he pronounced these words, the countenance of Mr. Bontemps assumed an expression so sinister, and his voice sounded so hoarse and sepulchral, that Lady Lynch, in much perturbation, reiterated her promise, and departed, after having munificently recompensed the sorcerer, whose presence she rejoiced to quit. She directly ordered the coachman to proceed to the abode of the abbé, which she knew from having frequently addressed notes of invitation, or containing commissions for his performance. On arriving there, she would not suffer herself to be announced, but ran up the stairs, closely following the servant. On the door of the abbé's apartment being opened, she found his chamber precisely similar to that represented by the mirror of Mr. Bontemps! The abbé was sitting at a table covered with packets, and between the windows stood a black Indian cabinet. He rose in some confusion at the unexpected visit with which he was honoured, and with which, at that moment, perhaps he would willingly have dispensed. Lady Lynch said, that having business in that part of the city, and not choosing to be seen, she had gone out in a hackney coach, which had broken down opposite his door; and that, knowing he lived there, she had determined to come in to ask for a glass of water, and to recover her alarm. There is no knowing what construction the abbé might have put upon this extraordinary proceeding of Lady Lynch, had he not been, from the moment of her entrance, so preoccupied and embarrassed, that he could with difficulty recollect himself enough to call for water, and offer it with an attempt to express concern for her alarm. Anastasia seated herself on a stool near the cabinet, and after speaking some few moments on indifferent subjects, admired his apartments; and, affecting to laugh, said, looking at the cabinet—'This is, no doubt, the repository for your billets: I shall look at it.' The abbé started, and said the cabinet contained letters only; and was rising from his seat, when Lady Lynch suddenly opened the door, and discovered her rosary in the spot corresponding with that represented in the conjuror's mirror! She took it up, saying—'Oh! what a trick! I suspected you had a mind to frighten me, and really you succeeded. In another day I should have been quite ill with vexation. It was too mischievous of you!' She continued to laugh and reproach him."

Sir Patrick returns home, hears of her mysterious absence, becomes jealous, and she reveals the secret, but with great misgivings.

"In order to distract her attention, he insisted on her accompanying him to a great entertainment, which was to take place that

evening at the hotel of the English ambassador, and she unwillingly prepared to accompany him. In spite of her anxiety, she had never looked more beautiful than when she prepared to descend to her carriage; and Sir Patrick could not resist an exclamation of admiration as he surveyed her appearance, while she paused to open a letter which the servant had just presented. Lady Lynch suddenly uttered a loud shriek, and fainted. In the confusion that ensued, and during the convulsions which she underwent for some hours afterwards, the attendants knew not to what to attribute her strange disorder. Sir Patrick sought for the letter which she had received at the time, and found only a blank cover, containing a small strip of parchment, on which Anastasia had written the first letter of her baptismal name at the request of the sorcerer! Lady Lynch's complaints did not decrease, though her senses returned. The attendance of the most skilful physicians was of no avail; and though, when her agitation subsided, a quickened pulse and feverish excitement were the only symptoms of malady that could be detected, she gradually sank, and on the eighth evening from that on which the explanation took place with Sir Patrick, she raised her head from the pillow, and pointing to the dial of a clock which stood opposite to the foot of her bed, she sank back and expired!"

By the by, we have been much amused with the sentiment *affixed* in a majority of the tales of fashionable life: most of the misfortunes which befall the fair heroines result from their having formed a marriage *de raison*, not *d'inclination*. In one work the fair offender is punished for treason to early love, by never getting married at all. The present case is not so desperate: she has only a stupid husband, instead of her *spiritual* first lover. As far, therefore, as we can make out their code of morals, it seems based on the absolute necessity of that absolute constancy which was the staple of old romances. Well, well, the less a virtue is practised, the more it is praised.

*A Treatise on the Physiology and Diseases of the Eye: containing a new Mode of curing Cataract without an Operation; Experiments and Observations on Vision; also, on the Infection, Reflection, and Colours of Light; together with Remarks on the Preservation of Sight, and on Spectacles, Reading Glasses, &c.* By John Harrison Curtis, Esq. Oculist, Aurist in Ordinary to His Majesty, &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 222. London, 1833. Longman and Co.

WE consider the public and the profession much indebted to Mr. Curtis for the present publication. To supersede the necessity of an operation on so delicate an organ as the human eye is, to say the least of it, extremely desirable. This we think the author has, to a great extent, done. Modern surgery has this opportunity, that a skilful wielding of the knife is considered by many a higher merit than a judicious and scientific remedial treatment. Mr. C. has found that the same plan which he adopted for the cure of the various species of deafness has been equally successful in diseases of the eye. We give an extract.

"Many discoveries are made by chance, others by observation; and the one I have now the satisfaction of communicating to the profession is of great importance to a large class of sufferers. While treating cases of deafness, in which the patient's sight happened also to be affected, I have often been agreeably surprised to find, that while removing the deafness by

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constitutional treatment, the healthy action of the nerves of the ear has extended its influence to the eye, which has in this way, in numerous instances, been restored to the exercise of its functions."

No observations of ours are necessary to point out the immense importance of this fact. Whatever tends to preserve to us the use of that sense which is the inlet to by far the majority of our enjoyments, must be hailed as a blessing to humanity. The remarks on the preservation of sight are very judicious. The following cautions we recommend to all who value their eyes:—

"The first thing to be attended to, is a careful regulation of the use of the eyes in regard to length of time, as far as this is practicable: entire disuse of them suddenly would be almost as injurious as a continued straining of them beyond their capabilities. They should, therefore, be variously employed as much as this can be done, not applying them too long or too intently to the same object, but relieving them by change of scene and diversity of occupation. Another means that will be found to be beneficial, and to help the eyes where much relaxation cannot be obtained, consists in shutting them now and then while at work, going into the air, looking out at an open window, especially if there be any trees or verdure within sight: this interval of rest, though only of a few minutes' continuance, will be found greatly to relieve the eyes, and enable them to resume their employment with comparative pleasure. A third caution is, that those who are conscious from experience that their sight has been weakened by its severe and protracted exercise, or arising from any other cause, should carefully avoid all attention to minute objects, or such business or study as requires close application of the visual faculty, immediately on rising; and the less it is taxed for a while after eating, or by candle-light, the better. The fourth means I have already recommended, viz. bathing the eyes frequently through the day with cold water. Though the effect of this simple remedy may for a time be hardly perceptible, yet if duly persevered in, I can vouch for its producing the happiest results. So long as there is no actual disease of the eyes, only cold water should be used; and this, applied in the gentlest manner, will soon become sufficiently tepid for all the ends of utility and comfort."

"*Miserrimus.*" 12mo. pp. 206. London, 1833. Hookham.

It is one of the most cordial of critical pleasures when its approbation has been confirmed by its contemporaries. For this pleasure we have again to thank the writer before us; for universally has praise been bestowed on this striking and novel fiction. Originally destined for private circulation, general approval has called it before the public; and the lovers of vivid excitement have now their enjoyment in their power. It is published in an exceedingly neat and portable volume, with some additional matter, notes, &c. We will only preface the ensuing scene by observing that it is not the end of the story.

"I had been sitting during several successive hours on the spot where we had first met; above me was the intertwined foliage, and below me was the rapid stream. Oh! bitterly, bitterly painful was the chain of thought which this location suggested! And yet, with the infatuation of a morbid mind, pursuing the current of my miserable reflections, I continued to contrast the past with the present moment.

Again and again I arrayed before myself all the minutest circumstances which related to that scene. I pictured her sunny smile, her beaming eye, her classic form in congenial union with her classic harp; and I dwelt on her sacred melody, until '*Madre amata*,' and each plaintive note, appeared again to tremble on my ear. These were the reminiscences which I tortured myself by placing in comparison with my actual state. Wrapt in the corroding anguish of this retrospection, I grew scarcely conscious of time or place, when suddenly a sound of singular interest aroused me into attention; it seemed the half-suppressed sob of female grief. I listened intently; it was a woman's voice bawling; and now, borne on the breeze, came a louder and a deeper burst of sorrow. Excited instantaneously by a feeling which I could not define into a temporary self-oblivion, I stole cautiously along until I obtained a sight of the sufferer. God of heaven! for the first time for four long years I stood within a few yards of the being I adored! I knew—I felt that it was she, though I saw not her face. Clinging to the next branch for support, I gazed with a full and bursting soul on the picture she presented—and oh! how piteous, and yet how beautiful it was! She was seated beneath the trunk of an old and fantastic tree, the huge limbs of which inclining downwards, its thick foliage threw a soft shadow around her. A simple garment of white, not ample enough to conceal the graceful outline of her Phidian form, displayed a neck of dazzling and exquisitely voluptuous whiteness. One statue-like arm, bare to the shoulder, uniting all the fullness and polish of the purest marble with the softness of nature, hung by her side, while the hand, as perfect in symmetry as in hue, rested lightly on the turf. The other pressed her forehead, which, bowed to her knee, was concealed by the dishevelled hair that fell in heavy masses to the earth, where it lay in accumulated clusters of silken brilliancy. She sighed and moaned most piteously; and heart-rending were the sobs which momentarily convulsed her frame, as she rocked to and fro, with an irregular and painful motion, in the strong agony of her grief. This was the spectacle that met my gaze; and had it been the fabled Medusa, I could not have been more quickly transformed into stone. My blood ceased to flow, my pulse to beat; and I stood a breathless statue, in all but the too vivid consciousness of pity, horror, and remorse. Suddenly, with fearful vehemence, she cast herself on her knees, and clasping her hands, raised her lovely arms to heaven in energetic prayer. I heard not her words; but the action and the expression denoted the homage of a broken and of a bleeding heart. She ceased; and her arms fell by her side, her head sank on her breast; the parted lips were motionless, and she seemed for a few moments in all the supineness of overwhelming despair; then, abruptly starting to her feet, she took one long lingering survey of earth and sky, and dashed herself into the stream. The agitated waters seized on her fragile form, and enveloped her in their gloomy depths; then tossing her to their surface, bore her rapidly along their raging course of foam and whirlpool."

This work is dedicated to Mr. Godwin,—a proper compliment:—the young writer cannot better commence his career than by respectful homage to those who have gone before on the difficult and laborious path of literature.

*Four Letters to the Bishop of London on the Printing of the Authorised Version of the Bible*, &c. &c. By T. Curtis. 8vo. pp. 115. London, 1833. Wilson; Straker, &c.

*The Text of the English Bible considered*, &c. By T. Turton, D.D. 8vo. pp. 44. London, 1833. Parker; Rivingtons.

Two pamphlets on a subject of vital importance to the Christian world, viz. the correct printing of the English Authorised Version of the Scriptures. Dr. Turton's is an answer to Mr. Curtis, who contends that the edition of 1611 ought to be scrupulously followed in regard to italics, capitals, punctuation, &c., which he shews has not been done. He also contends that there are many intentional deviations from that standard, which have been made without any authority for so doing. Dr. Turton endeavours to prove that these alterations have been made for the sake of consistency, &c., and examines the passages produced by Mr. Curtis in support of his strictures. But the subject being one of polemics, we can do no more than merely state to our readers its nature and objects, and leave it to others to discuss.

*An Introduction to the Study of English Botany; with a Glossary of Terms, illustrated by Thirty-seven Plates.* By George Banks, F.L.S. &c. 2d edition, 8vo. pp. 80. London, 1833. Washbourne.

THIS work consists merely of an explanation of the Linnean system. There is not a syllable concerning the anatomy and physiology of vegetables, nor is the least notice taken of the more interesting branches of botanical science. Though sufficiently unpretending, we consider the volume to be entirely superseded by other publications infinitely better calculated to answer the same end. Mr. Banks by no means treads in the steps of the Dons, Lindleys, Rennies, and Burnets of the day; and his price is very high.

*Valpy's Edition of Shakspeare.* Vol. V. THIS volume contains All's Well that ends Well, the Taming of the Shrew, and the Winter's Tale, sweetly embellished.

*The Cabinet Annual Register, &c. for 1832.* 12mo. pp. 456. London, 1833, Washbourne; Edinburgh, Cadell.

A USEFUL remembrancer of the historical, political, and miscellaneous events of the past year, very neatly got up, and the matter well arranged.

*Family Classical Library, No. XXXIX.* Valpy.

HOMER continued from the fifth book to the end of the Odyssey.

*Succinct Practical Observations on the Effects of Blood-letting; containing an Investigation of the Practice of General and Local Abstraction of Blood; also, how far Leeches may be efficacious, independently of the Evacuation they produce: to which are added, Observations on Venereal Inflammations after Parturition.* By Edward Geddes, M.R.C.S. &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 60. London, 1833. Longman and Co.

SOME excellent practical remarks on the use of an important remedial agent. The author very properly protests against its injudicious and indiscriminate adoption;—a fault far too prevalent at present among practitioners. The pamphlet, on the whole, is highly



creditable to the writer. Were we inclined to be hypercritical, we might recommend a little more attention to those indispensable requisites of literary composition, perspicuity and precision; and likewise notice some typographical inaccuracies.

*Roscoe's Novelist's Library, Vol. XIV.*  
Wilson.

A SECOND vol. of Don Quixote, with G. Cruikshank's admirable illustrations. Sancho's repose in "Gines de Passamonte stealing Dapple," is exquisite in its quiet humour and truth to nature.

*The Comparative Coincidence of Reason and Scripture.* 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1833.  
Hatchard and Son.

THIS is an elaborate work, of many years' preparation, the object of which is to convince infidelity and scepticism by arguments drawn from free inquiry and reasoning. The subject is far too great to be discussed in our limited columns; and therefore we shall only commend these orthodox labours to the attention of those who wish to satisfy their minds on the important points at issue, and have an answer to give to philosophic cavillers when the faith they profess is assailed.

*The Exile of Idria: a German Tale.* pp. 86  
London, 1833. Cochraue and M'Crone.

THIS is a slight poem in irregular verse, telling an interesting story with considerable spirit. Some of the lines fall rather into common-place or prose familiarity; but we augur well of the future efforts of the writer, who possesses feeling and fancy.

**ARTS AND SCIENCES.**  
LINNEAN SOCIETY.

MR. LAMBERT in the chair. His Grace the Duke of Northumberland was present, and admitted as a fellow. A memoir on the *Myrsineæ*, by M. Alphonse De Candolle, honorary professor of Botany at Geneva, was read. The author proposes a new division of the order into three groups; and several new genera, and a considerable number of new species, principally from India, are described. The president, Lord Stanley, sent for exhibition specimens of the Irish and English hare, which appear to form very distinct varieties.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

MR. FARADAY on the velocity and nature of the electric discharge. This subject was taken up for Mr. Wheatstone, as forming part of a series of investigations into which he has entered relative to the nature of the impressions produced by light on the organs of vision. The object is to ascertain whether the time occupied by the passage of the electric spark is appreciable; if it be, then the existence of an electric fluid, or of two fluids, and the direction of the passage, may be determined. When a bright object passes very rapidly before the eye, the retention of the impression upon the nerve makes the object appear as a line. The lines of light from a cutler's wheel, when in motion, prove this effect. Mr. Wheatstone's object is to make electric sparks pass in a certain direction, but while so passing to give them motion sideways; in which case, if they occupy a portion of time in their direct course as all comparable to that which could be impressed upon them laterally, they would appear

as oblique, and the obliquity being either in one direction or another, would indicate the passage between the two conductors. After some trials, Mr. W. gave up the idea of making the balls, between which the sparks were passing, traverse laterally, and substituted a rapidly revolving mirror, inclined at an angle greater or smaller to the axis of rotation. In such a mirror, images travel with extreme velocity through a very large circle; and it is the combination of this velocity with that of the electric spark which is looked to as affording hopes of observing a sensible deviation in the course of the spark. Notwithstanding the extreme character of this test, the time occupied by the transit of electricity did not become sensible. Hence its velocity must be almost infinite. Many other beautiful applications of the revolving mirror were then shewn. By it sparks, which appeared perfectly continuous, were shewn to be intermittent; in fact, no luminous phenomena produced by common electricity could be found which was constant, i. e. which did not intermit. On the contrary, the spark from the voltaic battery appeared to be constant, i. e. produced by a continuous current.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE anniversary meeting of this Society was held at its apartments in Somerset House, on the 15th ultimo. The chair was taken by the president, Mr. Murchison, at one o'clock; and after the secretaries and treasurer had read the annual reports of the council on the state of the Society, and the accounts for the past year, the fellows present proceeded to ballot for the officers and council for the ensuing year, when the following gentlemen were declared duly elected:—

President, George Bellas Greenough, Esq.  
Vice-Presidents, W. J. Brudlerp, Esq., H. T. De la Beche, Esq., Dr. Fitton, and Rev. Professor Sedgwick.  
Secretaries, Professor Turner, M.D. and W. J. Hamilton, Esq.  
Foreign Secretary, Professor Lyell.  
Treasurer, John Taylor, Esq.  
Council, G. W. Aylmer, Esq., Rev. Dr. Buckland, Francis Chantrey, Esq., Rev. W. D. Conybeare, Viscount Cole, M.P., C. G. Daubeny, M.D., Sir P. Egerton, Bart., Earl Fitzwilliam, D. Gilbert, Esq., R. J. Murchison, Esq., Capt. J. W. Pringle, R.E., W. Somerville, M.D., Henry Warburton, Esq. M.P., and Rev. James Yates.

In the evening the fellows and their friends, to the amount of 105, dined at the Crown and Anchor; and the ex-president, Mr. Murchison, afterwards delivered his anniversary address on the progress of geology during the past year.

Feb. 27th.—Mr. G. B. Greenough, president, in the chair. Fellows were elected, and four communications read:—1. A memoir on parts of the kingdoms of Valencia, Murcia, and Granada, in the south of Spain, by Captain Cooke, R.N. 2. A memoir on the remains of mammalia in the coal of Schoeneck, in the circle of Gratz, Styria; by Professor Anker. 3. Observations relative to the structure and origin of the diamond, by Sir David Brewster. 4. An extract of a letter from Mr. James Burton, jun. to Mr. Greenough, relative to the shells found at Erzeit, and other places along the coast of the Red Sea.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

MR. HAMILTON in the chair.—The usual satisfactory reports were read. The Society intends to part with possession of the farm at Kingston. It was resolved that the gardens be not opened in future on the Sabbath-day until half-past two o'clock. Amongst the

donations to the library was the fourth part of Mr. Gould's beautiful work on the birds of Europe. On Tuesday Dr. Grant delivered a lecture on the *Cetacea*, a race inhabiting the mighty deep, and formed in every part for the element to which they are appropriated: a fish-like form of body—an absence of posterior limbs—a tail spreading out horizontally—are among the characters which first strike us; in addition to which, between the skin and muscles is a dense layer of blubber, as a protection to the vital part of the body, which would pass off too rapidly without the intervention of this non-conductor. In the whale this layer is of twelve or fourteen feet in thickness. Several beautiful specimens were exhibited and ably commented upon, especially the magnificent skeleton of the *dugong*, an animal belonging to the herbivorous group of Cetacea, and inhabiting the eastern seas—its dentition was especially noticed in comparison with the dentition of the porpoise, one of the piscivorous group, and whose teeth manifest its sanguinary appetite. The complicated stomach of these animals was then noticed, and their distribution and food, and probable uses in the economy of nature.

ROYAL COMETARY MEDAL.

THE first of the royal medals, founded by his Majesty the King of Denmark, for the discovery of telescopic comets—those invisible to the naked eye, and detected only by the aid of the telescope,—was, on the 19th of January last, awarded, by Professor Schumacher, of Altona, to M. Gambart, director of the Observatory at Marseilles, for the comet discovered by him on the 19th of July, 1832.

*Astronomy.*—Among the instructive and interesting exhibitions suitably prepared for the season of Lent, we are glad to see that Mr. C. H. Adams is about to resume his Lectures on Astronomy at the King's Theatre. The numerous accurate and splendid scenes with which they are illustrated make an impression on the mind that cannot be effaced, and teach the most sublime of all the sciences in a manner the most agreeable. For families of the young and intelligent we could not announce a superior recreation.

**LITERARY AND LEARNED.**

ROYAL SOCIETY.

MR. LUBBOCK in the chair.—The following communications were read:—Experimental determination of the laws of magneto-electric induction in different masses of the same metal, and of its intensity in different metals, by Mr. Christie; on the tides, by Mr. Lubbock; and on the nature of sleep, by Dr. Wilson Philip. Physiologists have always admitted that exhaustion follows excitement, and that the system does not recover its tone by the means which exhausted it. As the nervous system has its origin in the brain and spinal marrow, so the laws of excitement and exhaustion acting upon these produce sleep. That sleep, observes the author, is only healthful which may be easily broken.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

MEETING of March 6th. The Bishop of Bristol presided. The secretary read an account of the publications and labours of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries. This Society was instituted in 1825 for promoting an acquaintance with the history, language, and antiquities of the north, by means of the pub-

lication actively thirty v compani some ca Importa antiquit of the h are at p Society; publish early tim paring i the voya the Scan birth of that so science added to Institut read, co some tr Rajah E translat parate Pooroos Tales, c Indian lume is of the S i. e. pr lume is gines, c Of thes portion always they a simplici tures o extract which of criti ridian Ganges "Or compr and once h henison "H in the Having Nul Cl with t embell must t without derisio value poets; can br this, S for Be exami he ha to Ku with v to rel ceeded bath, of Sh peatec but h one d cellen much attach travel your daily

lication of the ancient sages, &c.; and so actively has this object been pursued, that thirty volumes of these valuable remains, accompanied by translations in Danish, and, in some cases, in Latin, have already appeared. Important researches among the remains of antiquity in Greenland, from the first period of the European colonisation of that country, are at present going on, at the expense of the Society; the results of which will shortly be published. Among the curious monuments of early times, which this learned body is preparing for the press, is likewise an account of the voyages of discovery to America made by the Scandinavians several centuries before the birth of Columbus. We hear with pleasure, that some names, eminent in literature and science in this country, have been recently added to the list of this prosperous and useful Institution. A second paper was likewise read, containing an analysis of the contents of some translations from the Sanscrit, by the Rajah Kalee Krishun, of Calcutta. The work translated by the rajah consists of three separate treatises, the first of which, entitled *Pooroo-Purikhyā*, or a Collection of Moral Tales, contains thirty-two fables illustrative of Indian morals and precepts. The second volume is entitled *Neeti Sunkhulun*, or Collection of the Sanscrit Slokas, or enlightened Moonies, i.e. proverbs or wise sayings. The third volume is a drama, entitled *Vidun-Moda Tarangine*, or Fountain of Pleasure to the Learned. Of these curious productions, the imaginative portions are not always brilliant, the preceptive always wise, nor the moral always just; but they are interesting as specimens of ancient simplicity, and as containing authentic pictures of Eastern manners and customs. We extract from the first volume a tale, from which some hints may be collected on the art of criticism, calculated to be of use in a meridian nearer home than the banks of the Ganges.

"On Quick Apprehension.—He who can comprehend any thing on its being propounded, and who never forgets that which he has once heard, is called a man of quick apprehension."

"Illustration.—There was once a great poet in the country of Gour, called Shree Hursu. Having, on one occasion, composed the poem of *Nul Churitra*, he judged that a poem written with taste, and delightful to the mind, and embellished with the true ornaments of poetry, must bring fame to the poet; and that a poem without these excellencies was only an object of derision. As gold is tried in the fire, so the value of a poem is to be tried in a conclave of poets; for a poem which the learned reject can bring no advantage to the writer. On this, Shree Hursu, taking his poem, departed for Benares, that he might subject it to the examination of the poets of that city. When he had reached it, he made known his wishes to Kucchoke. That great man, unencumbered with worldly pleasures, had given himself up to religious duties. In mid-day, as he proceeded to the sacred stream of the Ganges to bathe, he listened to the recitation of the poem of Shree Hursu, which the author daily repeated to him as he walked down to the ghat; but he received no reply. This induced him one day thus to address the pundit, 'O, excellent man, in this poem I have bestowed much labour; regarding you as a pundit, and attached to you as a fellow-countryman, I have travelled a great distance, that I might obtain your candid opinion of its merits or defects; I daily follow you and repeat it; but, though you

have heard it, you neither praise nor censure it, which leads me to fear that you have not listened to my recital.' Kucchoke replied, 'How can it be said that I have not listened to it? I determined not to give my opinion of it till I had heard the whole poem, and formed my judgment of the correctness of the ideas, language, and arrangement; hence I have hitherto remained silent. I have now heard and comprehended the whole poem: if you disbelieve me, listen, and I will repeat it.' Having said this, he repeated all that he had heard of it. Shree Hursu was astonished and overcome with joy, saluted him by falling at his feet, and said, 'Oh, most excellent man, I am perfectly astonished at your powers of quick comprehension.' The poem was then highly extolled, its defects pointed out, improvements suggested, and the poet sent home in the highest state of enjoyment. The learned have said, that those who are able to judge of things, are always disposed to overlook the defects, and to fix their attention on the beauties of a work, as the bee which is unable to extract honey from a flower bristled with thorns, yet enjoys its odour. The vidyaputee pundit having gone through a part of his book, the Hurcole Rajah now wished the sages to tell him about the actions of the learned; and these are his observations: 'Be pleased, O king, to pay attention, for he who listens to such narrations, must needs give heed to them, and, at the same time, endeavour to gain knowledge, that his fame may in time be spread abroad. He who is well versed in learning is called scientific. There are four kinds of sciences, two of which are termed the principal and the most useful, viz. *sustravida*, or the knowledge of war, and *shastravida*, or the knowledge of books. These are, doubtless, preferable to wealth, because knowledge can never be purloined by any monarch, as wealth may be; for though a man should suffer inconvenience and hardship in the acquisition of wealth, yet he runs the risk of losing it; whereas knowledge is connected with the mind, and is not exposed to any such hazard. But, though it is so valued, yet it can be of no avail, except a man behave uprightly; for wherein does manliness consist, if not in having the heart purified and the mind filled with learning? He who is learned commands respect and honour: to acquire this there are four rules of conduct, viz. that he associate with the learned; that he behave himself properly; that he be ever studious; and that he perform religious duties, without which the learned are never respected."

#### SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

LORD ABERDEEN in the chair.—Mr. Nichols exhibited an Egyptian papyrus, being a specimen of a large collection of papyri, mummies, and other Egyptian relics, lately received from Alexandria. It was about four feet long, and perhaps fifteen inches wide, in excellent preservation, being unutilated, and the colours of the figures and hieroglyphics with which it was covered as fresh as if laid on within the last twelve months. Mr. T. Lister Parker exhibited drawings of a beautiful stone table in the Chapter-house of Salisbury Cathedral, made some years since, as we believe the table is now destroyed; also of the monument of Sir Richard Stapleton, in Exeter Cathedral; and a curious carving over the door of Bishops Teington Church, Devon. Mr. Hudson Gurney exhibited two deeds in his possession of the time of Edward I., clearly shewing that the clergy of that day were accustomed to marry, as the parties

are styled clerks, and express mention is made in each instance of their wives. A communication was read from Mr. Robinson on the derivation of the word "mass," the name given to the Romish sacrament of the eucharist. Mr. Gage, in his Dissertation on the Benedictional of St. Æthelwold, printed in the twenty-fourth vol. of the *Archæologia*, had derived the word from the Latin *missio*, or *dimissio populi*—the deacon exclaiming to the congregation at the conclusion of the service, *Ite, missa est*. Mr. Robinson, however, differs *in toto* from this definition, and insists that the word has reference entirely to eating and drinking, and means a feast,\* or the meal of a select number of persons collected for the purpose. He observed that we have the word "mess" in English (being but a slight variation in the orthography) first used in the Scriptures in the sense referred to, in Esau's mess of pottage, and Benjamin's mess; and in modern times in the military term "mess," for dinner; and that it was at the last meal at which our Saviour met his disciples that he instituted the rite. Mr. Robinson then referred to the different continental languages in support of his hypothesis: his arguments were ingenious and plausible; but it was thought by some that the subject was somewhat too lightly treated.

#### THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

The meeting of the British Association is fixed for June 24th, at Cambridge.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### BRITISH GALLERY.

[Fourth notice.]

No. 118. *Alpheus and Arethusa*. John Martin.—Instead of the sublime and terrible, by which Mr. Martin's works are generally pervaded, we have here an example of the sublime and beautiful. All is calm and placid; the air-tints are charmingly tender, and the composition is grand and imposing.

No. 179. *Shakespeare's Cliff, Dover*. C. R. Stanley.—The white cliffs of Albion, associated as they are in the imagination with the magnificent description of them by Albion's great bard, are subjects well worthy of the pencil; and we are gratified in adding that Mr. Stanley has represented their awful grandeur in a style highly creditable to his talents, and calculated still to augment his well-deserved reputation.

No. 216. *The Interview*. J. R. Herbert.—There is a slight degree of hardness in the execution; but the easy arrangement of the composition, the powerful character and expression, and the lively and brilliant tone of colour, in this clever production, far outweigh that little defect.

No. 366. *Fishing-Boats; Morning*. James Stark.—A light, cheerful, and animated picture, breathing all the freshness of a summer morning, and calculated to communicate its own pleasurable sentiment to the mind of the spectator. As a work of art, it is one of Mr. Stark's happiest performances, and exhibits his talents to great advantage. We have heretofore seen in his works the spirit of Ruysdael and Hobbins; we here recognise the sunny effect of Cuyper.

\* This definition is not altogether new; we have somewhere, although we cannot now lay our hands on the reference, seen the term "mass" derived from the German *maße*, a feast, with an observation that the termination *mas* is used to designate the feasts or festivals of the church, as Christmas, Candlemas, &c. but never for fasts; we never find Ash-wednesdaymas, or Good-fridaymas.

No. 324. *Kissing the Chains of St. Peter in the Church of Santo Pietro, in Vincoli, at Rome.* R. Edmonstone.—The variety of character and costume, and the strong devotional feeling, give to this spectacle a very imposing air. It is well calculated to call forth the talents of an artist; and we think Mr. Edmonstone has been very successful in his treatment of it.

No. 236. *The Spanish Refugees.* J. P. Knight.—There is more of skill displayed in the several parts of this composition, than of excellence in the *tout ensemble*. Many of the heads are full of character and expression well suited to the occasion, and do great credit to the powers of the artist.

We always look for gems on the mantel, and in the present instance we have not been disappointed. Among the most brilliant are—No. 247, *Scene on the Grand Canal, Venice*, and No. 261, *Column of St. Mark, Venice*, E. Pritchett; No. 248, *View of the Castle of Rhinefells, from St. Goer*, F. H. Henshaw; No. 249, *Scene at Sigglethorpe, Yorkshire*, A. Vickers, sen.; and No. 262, *Forum of Nerva, Rome*, Harry Wilson. These, though small in size, are great in point of talent.

The desk, as well as the mantel, in this room, is set with little jewels. Among the most attractive are the enamels by Mr. Essex, viz. No. 286, *Venus disarming Cupid*; No. 292, *Group of Flowers, after Vaerendael*; No. 293, *The Toilette, after D. Wilkie, R.A.*; and No. 296, *Dutch Fishing Scene, after Wouvermans*.—They are all beautiful in their execution, and admirably exhibit the style of their respective masters. In the same range, and of a similar cabinet finish, are, No. 297, *The Fair Connoisseur*, T. M. Joy; No. 304, *Return from a Masquerade*, J. Stephanoff; and No. 305, *Landscape*; *Composition*, J. Cruise; and No. 306, *Study from Nature*; *Dock Leaves*, H. V. Burgess.

No. 266. *Enticement.* R. T. Bone.—Equally enticing as a performance; invested as it is with the qualities of elegance, taste, and fine composition. No. 284, *Lady reading a Letter*, by the same artist, is in a similar spirit.

No. 278. *A Highland Sportsman.* A. Fraser.—A sombre interior, with its picturesque accessories: well calculated to set off the sportsman, and the bright game he is presenting to his dame; who does not, however, appear to receive it with the welcome it deserves.

No. 243. *Cottage Girl sewing.* T. Barker.—A spirited little picture, with a deep and mellow tone of colouring. Simple and natural in character and action, it owes nothing to the meretricious in art.

No. 232. *Forest Scene.* John Boaden.—A fine study of an old tree, which stands like a sentinel at the entrance of an enchanted wood, to guard the gloomy path that penetrates into its recesses. This is in all respects a very clever performance; no less true to nature, than excellent in its chiaroscuro.

(To be continued.)

#### THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

HAVING procured the line of front proposed by Mr. Wilkins to be abandoned, and another line adopted, thrown back, as now indicated by two poles stuck in the ground opposite the north-east angle of St. Martin's Church (thus preserving that fine structure from sacrifice); and having sufficiently vindicated ourselves from the silly accusations of that self-sufficient gentleman; we had intended to drop the affair without further remark. But the multitude of communications we have received on the subject, and the public interest excited with

regard to the future execution of the whole plan, induce us to continue its discussion, though very briefly in our present Number.

Referring to Mr. Gwilt's observations, a small pamphlet on the subject; and to another small publication on the cultivation of the popular taste in the arts, by the Editor of "Arnold's Library of the Fine Arts;" the former refuting all Mr. Wilkins's arguments and assumptions, on the authority of a brother architect of high reputation, and the latter demonstrating more general principles,—we shall confine ourselves to the promise of making Mr. W. refute himself in our next *Gazette*; and having thus exposed his inconsistencies, we shall venture to suggest what ought to be the course pursued in erecting a fit and adequate National Gallery.

The immediate evil has been averted, and we hope to deduce much future advantage from this pause in the proceedings; in the meantime, merely for the sake of keeping the thing alive, we add a few loose

#### Notes on National Galleries.

It is proposed that the National School of Arts, the Barracks, and the Poor-house, shall be erected and connected all together, in order that the artists who fail may enter at once into the army, and commence drill; or, if too old, or too short, or too feeble, for the service, that they may find the poor-house as handy as possible for their reception.

The vicar, churchwardens, and vestry of the parish of St. Martin's in the Fields, have liberally offered to bury the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*, gratis, under the church which he has preserved from spoliation; which offer has been conditionally accepted, but postponed *sine die*.

Mr. Wilkins acknowledges that he was in error when he accused the *Literary Gazette* of negligence for not earlier noticing his Gallery plan, as he is now perfectly satisfied that it was noticed soon enough.

It is decided, on the authority of Mr. Wilkins, that there is only one building in London worthy of admiration, namely, the portico of the London University—his own work; but he is inclined to believe that there may be another soon, viz. the new National Gallery, which he proposes to erect.

"Mr. Wilkins is an architect of great ability," said A. "I do not know," replied B; "but he is certainly an architect of very great irritability."

*Old Pictures.*—An exhibition of old paintings has been open in Exeter Hall during the last two days, preparatory to their sale by Mr. George. The collection is numerous, and was numerously visited. Some of the pictures are curious; but the whole more noticeable as specimens of early art, and of various masters, than as examples of beauty and excellence.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Fisher's Picturesque Illustrations of Great Britain and Ireland.* Part XIII. *Westmorland*, Part IV. Fisher, Son, and Co.

This clever topographical publication proceeds with unabated vigour. One of the most pleasing views in the present Part is that of "Wythburn Water;" connected with which is the following anecdote:—

"On the eastern side of Wythburn Water is a rock, projecting into the lake, known by the name of 'Clarke's Leap.' It acquired the appellation from the circumstance of a person bearing this name having, in deference to the suggestion of his wife, precipitated himself into the mere. This singular instance of com-

plaisance, it has been remarked, can find few, if any, parallels in ancient or modern times."

*Memorials of Oxford.* Edited by the Rev. J. Ingram, D.D., President of Trinity College. With Engravings by J. Le Keux, from original Drawings by F. Mackenzie. No. V. Tilt.

THE first of the two numbers that are to be devoted to the illustration of Magdalene College; of which it contains two very pleasing views,—one the West Front, the other from the Bridge.

*Portrait of the Right Hon. Charles, Earl Grey, First Lord of the Treasury, &c.* Painted by J. R. Say; engraved (in mezzotinto) by W. Say. Ackermann and Co.

WE have seldom seen a more faithful, or in every respect a finer portrait, than this magnificent whole-length of the noble Premier. It does equal credit to the father and the son, whose talents have been combined in its production. The resemblance, both in features and in expression, is perfect; the attitude, though one of gentlemanly ease, retains all the dignity which belongs to the noble earl's "order;" and the general effect is managed with much skill, and is powerful and satisfactory. Viper, Lord Grey's favourite terrier, and his almost constant companion (no doubt a sworn enemy to rats), has the honour of being introduced, lying at his master's feet. As a splendid work of art, as well as from other considerations, this cannot fail to be a highly popular print, even though the head is too small for the length.

*Portraits of the principal Female Characters in the Waverley Novels.* Part IV. Chapman and Hall.

OF the four plates in this Part, two, namely, "Edith Bellenden" and "Isabel Vere," have already been noticed in the *Literary Gazette*. "Julia Manning," from a drawing by Inskipp, has much vivacity of expression; and the dark beauty and rich costume of "Rebecca" are very attractive.

*National Portrait Gallery.* With Memoirs by W. Jordan, Esq. F.S.A. Part XLVII. Fisher and Co.

ALTHOUGH we noticed the present Part in the literary portion of our last publication, we should not do justice to Mr. Cochran if we did not call the attention of our readers to the admirable head of Sir James Mackintosh, which that able artist has engraved from the picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence. It is full of expression, and exquisitely executed.

*Finden's Illustrations of the Life and Works of Lord Byron.* Part XII. Murray.

ANOTHER splendid Part. "Cintra," and "the Gulf of Spezia," by C. Stanfield, A.R.A., and "the Bay of Naples," by J. D. Harding, are especially beautiful. There is a fine portrait of Sir Walter Scott, from a picture by G. S. Newton, A.R.A. It is full of sagacity and penetration. The intended portrait of Thomas Moore, Esq. is unavoidably postponed.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO A SNOWDROP.

ART thou some blossom snowed from moonlit skies,

White-marble petalled, pure as air-dropt snow?

ART thou some vestal seen by Grecian eyes?

Some swan upon Iliass moving slow?



Art thou soft infancy in silken sleep?  
Maidenly beauty with a modest brow?  
Art thou some silver dream of slumbers deep?  
Some type of fearless purity art thou?  
Gem on the brow of winter! when all flowers  
Wait for bright spring, thou then art calmly  
brave;  
Child of the tempest, sport of stormy hours,  
Meet blossom to be wept in beauty's grave—  
Thou art, in thine invincible armour cased,  
Fearless as Truth, as dove-eyed and as chaste!  
RICHARD HOWITT.

## CHILDHOOD.

We come to being from the night,  
As cometh forth the morning light;  
The world is beautiful and new,  
The earth is filled with flowers and dew;  
Birds loudly sing on wing and spray,  
And we more merrily than they.

We gather strength, we run, we leap,  
Find joy every thing—and sleep.  
With mirth and beauty hand in hand,  
We take possession of the land:  
Life then is surely not a breath—  
What then has life to do with death?

A mother's love, her smiles, her tears,  
Are with us in those blessed years;  
The seeds of fond affection sown  
In youth, that strong in age are grown;  
Love, that in part her love repays,  
Her solace in declining days;  
Warmth, light in age's wintry gloom,  
Fair stars, sweet blossoms to the tomb.

Then knowledge comes with manhood's noon,  
With care and sorrow—all too soon.  
The springs of mystery are unsealed,  
Whate'er was hidden is revealed:  
A common vision is the spring;  
The rainbow is a common thing;  
The morning and the sunset skies  
Are gazed on with familiar eyes;  
The reign of wild delight is o'er,  
And the bright earth is heaven no more!

R. HOWITT.

## MUSIC.

## PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

THE annual series of the Philharmonic Concerts commenced on the night of Monday week, in their original locale, the Hanover Square rooms. The company has, no doubt, gained by this change, in greater accommodations; but in so far as acoustics are concerned, the King's Concert Room is held to be superior. Pianoforte players, at least, have ever had a dread of Hanover Square. The present occasion offered us none of the new compositions which Messrs. Bishop, J. Cramer, Griffin, Horsley, Mendelssohn, Moscheles, Neukomm, Novello, Potter, &c. have been engaged to write for the Society. The ten pieces of the evening were, on the contrary, all old acquaintances, as were also the singers and players. The only piece which, perhaps, had not before been heard in this country, was Spohr's concerto for the clarinet, beautifully executed by Willman. The symphonies of Mozart in E flat, and of Haydn in D, No. XI., and the two excellent overtures to Oberon and Demophoon, by Weber and Vogel, gave great and general delight. The same may be said of Beethoven's quintet in C for stringed instruments, in which Mori shone, as usual, by his great accuracy both in easy and difficult passages; and being well assisted by Messrs. Watts, Moralt, Seymour, and Lindley, the whole went off extremely well. We

have heard Mrs. Wood do more justice to Spohr than she did to his "Ah che i giorni," from the Alchymist. She was rather deficient in energy, and did not seem to enter into the spirit of the composition. Rossini's duetto, from the Gazza Ladra, "Come frenar," being highly dramatic, and in the true Italian style, is better calculated for the stage than the room, and more for Italian singers than for any others. It was, however, well sung by Mrs. Wood and Mr. Phillips. "Pria che spunti," (il Matrimonio Segreto), was beautifully given by Signor Donzelli, and received with merited applause. The Concert proved, upon the whole, a fine treat to the audience.

## VOCAL SOCIETY.

**Fourth Concert.**—The evening's performance commenced rather inauspiciously with a dull, monotonous piece by Marcello, consisting of chorus, quartet, and solo, which was endured because it fell on untired ears; but had it been placed towards the end of the second part, it would have been voted a bore, and have sent half the audience out of the room. Miss Masson's choice of a song, "Morira," a difficult but uninteresting *bravura* from one of Handel's operas, was equally injudicious. The trio by Carissimi, from the Fitzwilliam music, was too long, though excellently sung by Messrs. Hawkins, Horncastle, and E. Taylor. The most interesting things in the first part were Wilbye's madrigal, "Stay, Corydon;" Beethoven's cantata, "Adelaide," sung by Mr. Horncastle, and charmingly accompanied by Mr. Goss; and Webbe's beautiful glee, "When winds breathe soft," which last received a well-merited *encore*.

An infusion of two or three long-established favourites into the latter part of the concert, rendered it all the more attractive; and the admission of a few such to each of these performances, would doubtless please the larger number even of judicious auditors; for surely the most fastidious would not object to Mozart's "Parto," and "Forget me not," or Arne's "Where the bee sucks," with Jackson's additions to it, merely because they have been long known and admired. Mr. Hobbs is a good glee-singer, but he did not succeed in "Forget me not." Orchestral accompaniments to this song have been added by Mr. Kearns, and, though otherwise skilfully managed, they are rather too full; a circumstance which was rendered more conspicuous by the band not being sufficiently subdued. What are the Society about, that they have not yet thought of introducing any of Novello's elegant compositions to the audience? We could name many that would grace a classical concert better than some other productions that have been performed here.

**Fifth Concert.**—Surely the genius of dulness presided at the selection for this evening, which, besides containing more heavy, unattractive pieces than any previous concert of the season, had the additional fault of being considerably longer. Mr. Horncastle's new song, from a manuscript oratorio, is a spirited composition, and was admirably sung by Phillips, who was in excellent voice. The hymn by Novello (the words by Mrs. Opie) was not altogether equal in beauty to some of his other productions. We recommend the Society to turn over the pages of the two volumes of "Sacred Music," one of Novello's earlier publications, and they will there find many choruses, duets, &c., composed by him, that will well repay the trouble of looking for. The most rapturous applause was elicited by Nicholson's flute

fantasia, which consisted of variations, à la Drouet, on "Hope told a flattering tale." We confess we would rather have heard him play something less elaborate, where notes "of linked sweetness long drawn out" would have shewn to greater advantage his surpassing beauty of tone. The room was much more crowded than on any former evening.

## OPERA CONCERT ROOM.

MR. GUYNEMER's morning concert, on Thursday, March 7, was numerous and elegantly attended; and, notwithstanding one or two disappointments, passed off exceedingly well. The band included Spagnoletti, Mori, Dragonetti, Nicholson, Willman, &c. The two overtures forming the opening and finale to the concert, viz. Mozart's "Zauberflöte," and Beethoven's "Prometheus," were admirably played; and Mrs. Anderson's performance of the first movement of one of Hummel's concertos, was a great treat. We have neither leisure nor space for a more detailed account of this "Matinée Musicale."

**Societa Armonica.**—On Monday the first concert of this charming association took place (we believe) at the Opera Concert Room; but other engagements prevented our enjoying the musical treat announced in the prospectus. We hope to make amends by our notice of the future meetings.

**Mr. Phillips's Concerts and Lectures on Music.**—A new series of these very pleasing and instructive evenings commenced on Wednesday. To be taught and charmed at the same time is a great obligation; and Mr. Phillips has attained the happy art of combining the two in his remarks and musical illustrations.

The celebrated Hummel of Weimar, we hear, has reached London, for the purpose of directing the German opera at the King's Theatre, where the corps will consist of some of the most renowned vocal talents of Germany. Madame Birger, M. Blume the bass singer, and Sontag's sister, have already arrived from Berlin; and the celebrated Mde. Schechner from Munich, and the great tenor Mr. Wilde, as well as Binter, from Vienna, are immediately expected. The performances commence with *Der Freischütz*, we believe, next week.

## DRAMA.

## KING'S THEATRE.

MADAME BOCCABADATI has made a successful appearance in Rossini's *Matilda di Shabran*; a part, we understand, in which she has long been a favourite on the continent. She threw more spirit and animation into her vocal and dramatic performance than the *Cenerentola* had ever admitted of, and received repeated and hearty applause. Madame de Meric, who is always ready to oblige, undertook the insignificant part of the *Contessa*, vice Castelli; and Donzelli, as the haughty *Corradino*, sang and acted with unusual zeal and effect. We are glad to observe that the two Miles. Esler, who have been "hourly expected" for the last eight or ten days, are at last actually arrived, and are to appear to-night. The ballet has lately been sadly deficient in dancing.

## COVENT GARDEN.

ON Monday, a serious and affecting drama, entitled *Reputation*, or *the State Secret*, from the pen of Mr. Planché, was produced at this theatre with great and merited success. It turns on the story (originally embodied in a French novel) of a virtuous minister to a dis-

absolute and despotic prince, who, to conceal his marriage with the tyrant's sister, accidentally destroys the reputation of the sister of a noble-minded though poor artisan, who resolutely pursues the vindication of their wounded character. This involves numerous interesting events, by which all parties are in turn fatally endangered; but a highly striking finale terminates the play in a manner consistent with justice, the best feelings of the audience, and powerful dramatic effect. As far as we could judge by its delivery on the stage, the language is always pleasing—in not a few instances forcible and poetical—exhibiting talents of a superior order in the writer, who is systematically depreciated by the invidious and malevolent, till the least observant of the public forget his many able and popular productions, which have afforded it so much delight, and obtained for him so much applause. Critically speaking, we might say, that the present piece, in five acts, is deficient in female interest,—the author having relied more on a succession of situations, and on the development of one leading passion. We need only further remark, that the burden of the performance lay on Mr. Charles Kean as the mechanic, and on Mr. Warde as the minister. The former displayed considerable energy; but his enunciation is defective, his face and figure bad, and his attitudes and acting not such as can adorn the first walk in tragedy. We fear he is placed too high, at present, for his qualifications. Mr. Warde was discriminating and sufficiently impressive—his representation altogether good. Miss Ellen Tree, in the defamed damsel, did every thing which the part allowed; and Miss Taylor, the princess, whose only chance is that of a position in the last scene, made the most of a seat at the block. On repetition the piece increased in attraction; and if sterling merit can secure public approbation and countenance to the drama, Mr. Planché must find that in this he has not sought “the bubble reputation.”

#### ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

A MEETING (the fifth during the last two months) of the committee for rebuilding the English Opera House, of subscribers to that object, and of friends of Mr. Arnold, was held on Thursday, at the house of that gentleman in Golden Square. The principal business done was the reading of the particulars of a trust-deed, and the nomination of trustees to carry the design into effect; and it gave great pleasure to the assembly to find the whole arrangement in so satisfactory a train, as to leave no doubt of its very speedy completion. The trustees named are noblemen and gentlemen of such high character, that their mere names are sufficient to ensure confidence and success (we abstain from publishing them, as the acceptance of one, a noble marquess, was not finally ascertained); and as the contract for building, and other necessary measures, are all prepared for immediate operation, so soon as the deed is formally signed, the rapid progress of the theatre, under the direction of Mr. Benzel, whose expedition in such matters is of great public notoriety, may now be confidently anticipated. We rejoice greatly in this; for few men have deserved friends and supporters more honourably as a man, and more judiciously as a dramatic manager, than Mr. Arnold, to whom, therefore, the stage and the public owe a debt of esteem and gratitude. But as the old story of pounds, shillings, and pence, is also of considerable influence in these

days, it was no less gratifying to find that in the spirit of mere commercial speculation the undertaking was equally worthy of support. The experience of the late English Opera House, and its profitable career, are sure grounds for future estimate; and especially when we consider the improvement of site, the extension of license to double the time, and the rising prosperity of all well-conducted lesser theatres. The subscription in 250*l.* shares was stated to amount to something above 20,000*l.*; the entire estimate to be 30,000*l.*; the annuity to be 5 per cent, and a free admission on each share—a great temptation in the way of bonus to lovers of the drama, and to lovers of good interest for their money too! Under all these promising and prosperous circumstances, we trust to see the house opened early in autumn, agreeable to the beautiful model of it which was exhibited to the meeting.

#### VARIETIES.

*Electricity in Ireland.*—The *Belfast Northern Whig* states, that a gentleman of Belfast had just put out his bed-room candle on Sunday evening, when a thunder-clap burst over the house and relighted it again. There was also a blue flame playing about the chamber!

*Travellers in South America.*—Accounts from Brazil state, that M. Poppez, a German naturalist, has descended the Amazon and explored its entire course. M. Sellon, a Prussian, has not been so successful, being found dead at the cataracts of Rio Dulce.

*New Cemetery.*—A plan for a new cemetery, something resembling that of *Père la Chaise*, was exhibited to a meeting at Mr. Anderton's on Thursday, and much approved. It is proposed to occupy a site of about eighteen acres, on a rising ground near Highgate. Mr. Goodwin the architect is the originator of this design, of which early and more general public meetings will take cognisance.

*Immense Legacy.*—A Frenchman, of the name of Girard, who left France a sailor-boy, lately died at Philadelphia, leaving a fortune of 100,000,000 of francs (four millions sterling). Among other legacies, ten millions of francs (400,000*l.*), are left to found a college, on condition that no priest of any religion shall interfere in its management. The bulk of his fortune, more than sixty millions of francs (2,400,000*l.*) he has bequeathed to the city of Philadelphia. If properly administered, what may not be accomplished both in works of utility and ornament!—*Sketch of the U. S. of America, by Achille Murat.*

*The Cook.* No. I.—A new periodical, by a Society of English and French Cooks, and commencing with an “aphorism”—“To eat well, you must think but little: idleness of mind is necessary to the activity of the stomach.” How happy the individual must be who is utterly thoughtless! The editor farther tells us, “that no great genius is infallible,”—consequently the Cook may err. The parts are to be sold, very appropriately, “with a cover.” There are some attempts at impertinence introduced out of place, but they are only second-hand.

*Population of St. Petersburg.*—Our journals contain an account of the population of this capital, which is highly remarkable, as it is very characteristic of the state of Petersburg. It is dated September 1st, 1832, and includes both sexes: viz. ecclesiastics, 1,770; nobles, 42,768; merchants, 11,440; citizens, 40,768; foreigners, 14,662; mechanics, 11,085; labourers and servants, 102,937; peasants, 141,726;

various classes (?) 57,691; militia, 55,207. The whole population amounted to 479,993, of which only 140,747 were women, and only 30,589 were minors. Since the 1st of August, the population had increased by 11,222.

*Russian Expedition.*—Last summer the house of William Brant and Son, in Archangel, fitted out two ships, called the *Jenesei* and the *Nova Zembla*, for the purpose of undertaking a voyage to the Carian Sea, to discover the passage to the river Jenesei, to examine the mouths of that river, and for mercantile purpose, if such should be found practicable. These vessels are completely supplied with every thing necessary, and have on board fifteen workmen, and two captains of the imperial navy. We are very anxious for the success of this bold and dangerous enterprise, in those almost unknown seas, and on the inhospitable coasts of those high northern latitudes. Hydrography, at least, may be greatly enriched by it.

*Mr. Sennfelder*, the discoverer of lithography, has enriched this department of the fine arts by a new invention. He has succeeded in taking impressions of oil paintings, and transferred the colours in all their original brilliancy, and with singular accuracy, to canvass, by means of the usual lithographic printing-press. He has presented several specimens to the magistrates, and received a sum of money to enable him to carry it into effect.

*Improvisation.*—A new improvisatore, L. Cicconi, lately recited extempore at the Carignan theatre, at Turin, a tragedy called *Parisina*, founded upon Lord Byron's poem of that name, and with seven speaking characters, which is a larger number than the celebrated Sgricci ever introduced in one piece. Cicconi has even ventured on choruses in his dramatic pieces.

*Copper in the Blood of Animals.*—M. Sarzeau has confirmed what had been formerly observed by Vaquelin, that the blood of oxen contains a minute portion of copper, viz. one grain in each kilogram, or about a 15,000th part.—*Recueil Industriel.*

*Copper in Wheat.*—M. Sarzeau has also discovered that the grain of wheat contains copper, rather more than four times as much as the blood of oxen: but the flour from the same wheat only contained half as much as the blood. Therefore it is in the bran, or outer portion of the grains, that the copper exists. He calculates that in France about 34,061 kilograms (75,000*lbs.*) are thus annually taken up from the soil.—*Idem.*

*Copper in Bread.*—In France the salts of copper have been used in the manufacture of inferior flour into bread. M. Kuhlman, on one occasion, even discovered a crystal of the salt in one of the rolls for making children's pap. Its presence is detected by the prussiate of potash.—*Idem.*

*An Example to England.*—That the nationally honourable and useful collections made by individuals may not be dissipated and lost to the public, the government of France have secured the library of the late Baron Cuvier, and the Egyptian MSS. of the late M. Champollion, jun. at the respective cost of 72,000 and 50,000 francs; above 5,000*l.*

*Russian Scientific Honours.*—At the last anniversary meeting of the Imperial Academy of Arts and Sciences, held at St. Petersburg, in the presence of the Emperor Nicolas, Sir James South and Mr. Colebrooke were elected foreign honorary members, and Mr. Babbage a corresponding member.

*Vindonium.*—Some fine remains of the Roman station Vindonium have recently been discovered in a field at Silchester, near Strath-

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